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Washington, D. C., Saturday, April 5, 1913.

LO! THE LUCKY INDIAN!

The commencement exercises at the Carlisle Indian school were devoted to discussions and demonstration of such practical subjects as "Sanitation in Indian Homes," "Sewing," and "Home Building." Members of the graduating class, all Indians, talked and illustrated their subjects. A house was erected on the stage by members of the class.

The poor Indian will have polka dots all over the rest of the community in a very short time if that sort of education is going to be popular with him.

EITHER SUGAR OR WOOL.

Senate leaders declare it has been made clear that it would be impossible to pass a bill carrying both free wool and free sugar.

Well, that looks to the sheep raising industry like a simple problem for anybody to solve—have free sugar. And to the cane planters in the South and the beet farmers in the West it looks as easy—have free wool.

Thus again it is seen that when General Hancock declared that the tariff was a local issue, arousing national ridicule, he was not joking, but was stating an eternal truth.

A BLESSING—PROVIDED.

Political economists and others, considering the cost of living problem in Philadelphia, discussed cold storage and opined that it is a blessing.

Certainly it is—when it works for the public. Certainly it is not—when it works for monopoly.

Cold storage that gathers in supplies when they are plentiful, holds them for distribution when they are scarce, is a blessing. Cold storage that corners things when they are plentiful, jacks prices up even in the seasons of bounty, and then holds them up in the times of scarcity, is a perversion. There is just the same need for proper regulation of cold storage that there is for grain elevation, for railroad rates, or any other public service.

THE SENATE SALOONKEEPER.

Senator John Walter Smith's friends set forth, in his defense, that when he secured appointment of Saloonkeeper Schoenewolf as a doorkeeper in the Senate, he didn't know the man was a red-light resort manager. He made the appointment on somebody's recommendation and was misled.

Whose recommendation? The man who can recommend such things, and force their doing, is the real Senator. Who is the real senior Senator from Maryland?

That was asked during the tariff session four years ago, when Senator Smith voted as if Edward Weyerhaeuser were dictating his votes.

It was asked later, when on the Lorimer trial he voted as if Edward Hines were dictating them.

There ought to be some requirement that proxy Senators should record somewhere a statement, in connection with each vote, as to whose proxy they are voting, at a given time. It should help some.

INVITATIONS TO DISEASE.

Here is another side of the question that involves women in industry.

Two years ago a beautiful young woman, graduate of a Washington high school, possessed of a well-ordered mind and superior intelligence, entered an office as stenographer. She did excellent work, was well paid, took pride in her place and success.

Among her qualifications—for it was a distinct qualification—was an attractive appearance. She was always well groomed, shod and hatted. She had good taste and a desire to look well. She never overdressed, but her costumes were fashionable as fashion permits to women of her position and income.

The other day she fell ill, and a physician after examination announced that she was suffering from tuberculosis. Her friends were shocked. The physician was called on for an explanation. There was a prompt and emphatic one.

"If you saw as much of this sort of thing as I do," he said, "you would not be so surprised. You are horrified at this one case; I see half a dozen of them, in various stages, every day; all due to the same general causes."

"That young woman had to go to her work six days in the week, the year through, at the same time every day. Likewise, she had to go home, in good weather and bad, at the same time daily. She dressed, not for those trips, but for the office. She imitated the dress of other and older women whom she saw on the street, never making allowance that the women she made her models were not compelled to appear there save when the weather was propitious. They could come down in their limousines or electric; she must come in the car, whether it snowed, rained or blistered. But she wore the diaphanous waists, the transparent stockings, the low-cut necks, the clothes that don't clothe, just as she saw them on women of fashion. She did just what hundreds of other girls in this city and every other city do."

"The result is what you have discovered with so much horror. It's no new thing to me and to others of my profession. Yes, I have talked very plainly to this girl; but in her case it may be too late, and what is said to her will not be heard by the others who are in the way of following in her footsteps."

"This business of women's dress is a real menace to the health of the community; it must be under-

stood as such. There has got to be an end to the parading of party clothes in business offices, during business hours, or all the consumption crusades will be waste of energy."

Up at the top, declares this physician, is the example which women of wealth, leisure and social position set. Inevitably, they will be imitated. Through them, through appeal to their better judgment and understanding of their responsibility, must be accomplished the change to a sensible, sane fashion.

Perhaps, after all, in the light of this expert statement of a condition whose results may be observed on every hand, it will be possible to agree that the Ohio legislator who wanted to enact laws against cobweb hosiery and peekaboo waists had a good deal of sense on his side. Thus far it has not occurred to anybody to do more than laugh at him.

CIVIL SERVICE PENSION PROBLEM.

It is all very well to tell the civil service workers that they must agree on the essentials of a pension and retirement plan, if they expect to get Congress to pass the legislation they need. But it isn't in human nature for such a body of people, with divergent interests, varying relations to the plan, and differing ideas of what they want accomplished, to come to actual agreement on details. If they can get together on general principles; and if, especially, they can enforce a Congressional realization of the fact that reform in their interest will also effect economy for the Government and increase efficiency, then they will have done about all that can be expected from them.

If the civil service people should agree in detail on what they want, it is doubtful if their agreement would convince Congress. The largest single element of them are agreed, even now, in a general way, on a plan that Congress will not adopt for many years to come. That is, the plan of direct pensions, paid entirely by the Government. The very fact that there is preponderance of sentiment for this one-sided plan is enough to convince unthinking and uninformed public men that the substance of the whole movement is mere selfishness on the part of the civil service workers.

The one effective line of reasoning which the civil service organizations should adopt, is that which looks to demonstration that something is needed to be done. Nobody who will seriously and sincerely examine the facts will doubt this. Let the employees forget, or seem to forget, their personal concern about the matter. Let them go to Congress with a plan that will COST LESS MONEY and that it will GET MORE WORK DONE and BETTER DONE, and they will get a hearing.

That demonstration can be made in favor of a system of retirements. A system of retirements means, as a necessary corollary, a pension plan. It isn't immediately important whether the pension plan is one thing or another. No plan will finally be adopted by Congress that is not workable and reasonable.

At the present stage of this discussion, the needful thing is to make Congress understand the impossibility of continuing the old system that has been forcing the whole civil service to the verge of a collapse. The old and inefficient employees cannot be driven out to starve. They have advanced, through long service, to the best and more remunerative posts. Those posts, in a vast number of instances, ought to be held by younger people. Until they are opened to access by these younger aspirants, there can be no incentive, no appeal to ambition, no hope of a real career, in Government employment.

These are the considerations that must be brought to the attention of Congress. Of all things, the most unfortunate will be to quarrel everlastingly about whether the Government shall pay the pensions in whole or in part; about whether there shall be assessment of the employees' salaries for any part or no part of the pension fund.

Make Congress understand this subject. Some of its members already understand it. Almost without exception, members who have given real study and thought to it, do understand it. These are the men who have the broadest, most humane, most practical views as to what ought to be done and can be done to provide for the superannuated and retired employees.

In the long run, this question will be settled for the Government, as it is settled for the service of great private corporations, on a business basis. It must be made plain that good business and sound humanities go hand in hand. That is the fact, and it can be proved in the experience of corporations, the operations of civil service systems in other countries, and the statistics of our own civil service establishment.

THINGS ARE MOVING FAST.

A few weeks ago there was violent agitation in New England in favor of Massachusetts enforcing its right to take over the control of the Boston and Maine railroad and plunge into State ownership of railways. The legislature declined to initiate any such action, but the sentiment in favor of such a move is strong and is certain to grow if transportation conditions do not improve.

Comes now President Chamberlain, of the Grand Trunk, and offers to donate outright to the State of Rhode Island the Southern New England road as it stands, partially completed, if the State will finish it. This is the line by which the Grand Trunk sought to get entrance to Providence. Construction work on it was suspended some time ago, and it has been charged that the New Haven brought financial pressure to bear that shut off its supplies of money.

President Chamberlain asks that the State finish the road, and either operate it or lease it to the Grand Trunk for operation, outlining two plans.

It is not difficult to detect the drift of affairs, with two such straws as these to point the direction of the wind.

Certainty.

George—I'd never marry that girl!
Charlie—No, I'm sure you wouldn't.
George—Why are you sure?
Charlie—She's my wife.—Exchange

THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

ROUNDEL.

(Again apropos of the coming of summer.)

In vernal bowers I'll repose

For multitudinous hours;

I like to lie around and doze

In vernal bowers.

I like to dream of wintry snows

And wake to summer showers,

Instead of frigid, icy blows.

I like the tulip and the rose

And all the other flowers.

But not the caterpillars in those

Infernal bowers.

To revamp an old one, we can imagine some one conferring with the President on the question of local appointments:

"I understand, Mr. Wilson, that your mind is open."

"Yes," the President would answer, "so it is. I opened it myself."

What's a Dollar Got To Do With It?

G. S. K.: Honestly, now, haven't the disappearance and subsequent smashing up of your umbrella been worth more to you than the cost of the thing itself? Surely, you have had more than a dollar's worth of paragraph out of it.

Atlanta, Ga., April 2.

FRITZ.

To Rollin L. Hartt, of the New York "Tribune," goes the honor of achieving the only funny office-seeker wheeze to date. "It is queer," he declares, "that so few office-seekers think to purchase paintings by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson."

"The Count of Lookabourne," we note, has the Cubist "Descending a Staircase" wait. But not the rest of it.

What's Time to a Dentist?

G. S. K.: When are you going to pay my bill?

YOUR DENTIST.

One nice thing about a Pankhurst arrest is that the papers on this side are well fitted out with pictures of the lady being taken into custody or languishing in a cell. Characteristic attitudes, as you might say.

The national welcome breakfast—we refuse to put it in quotes—offers additional evidence of the gap between Democratic and democratic.

A Neat Little Classification.

(From the "Times.")

Two men were killed yesterday in the construction work at Panama. One was an Englishman, the other a laborer.

"Wilson and Cabinet Talk About Jobs and Tariffs."—"Times" head.

And isn't the tariff a job?

Do you eat uds, the new vegetable?

Udon't!

Also the Orphist P.-O. Clock.

G. S. K.: What? Why omit mention of our Cubist post-office building?

CHEVY CHASE.

The p.-o., incidentally, will hold a junk sale on the fifteenth of May. . . . What's that? . . . Certainly not; merely some of the fixtures.

Mr. Wilson's mind, as has been the custom, will be closed all day Sunday.

The Loopers.

G. S. K.: That little shirt loop is decidedly all right; I use it myself. But who pulls on his shoes by means of the shoe loop?

F. G.

Heading eternal: German Airship Seen Over England, Is Rumor.

Then, too, we shall have with us on Monday our old friend: Congress Met at Noon.

CHECK!

(Frederic J. Haskin, in the "Star.") The difference between the cost of women's clothing and that of men has afforded joke writers material for many hits.

There is to be or was, by the time you get this, no scrambling at the Democratic breakfast.

Neither, however, was there any at ours.

We had 'em fried.

Undoubtedly.

G. S. K.: What are the non-militants? Militants?

BOLEKIO.

Whatever the decision as to free sugar, we shall continue to pocket a couple of lumps when the waiter isn't looking.

"The Times" insists on printing it "Mrs. William Cumming Story," which sounds like a magazine ad.

Add Hangers-On: The crest of the food.

Scutary a while, King Nick!

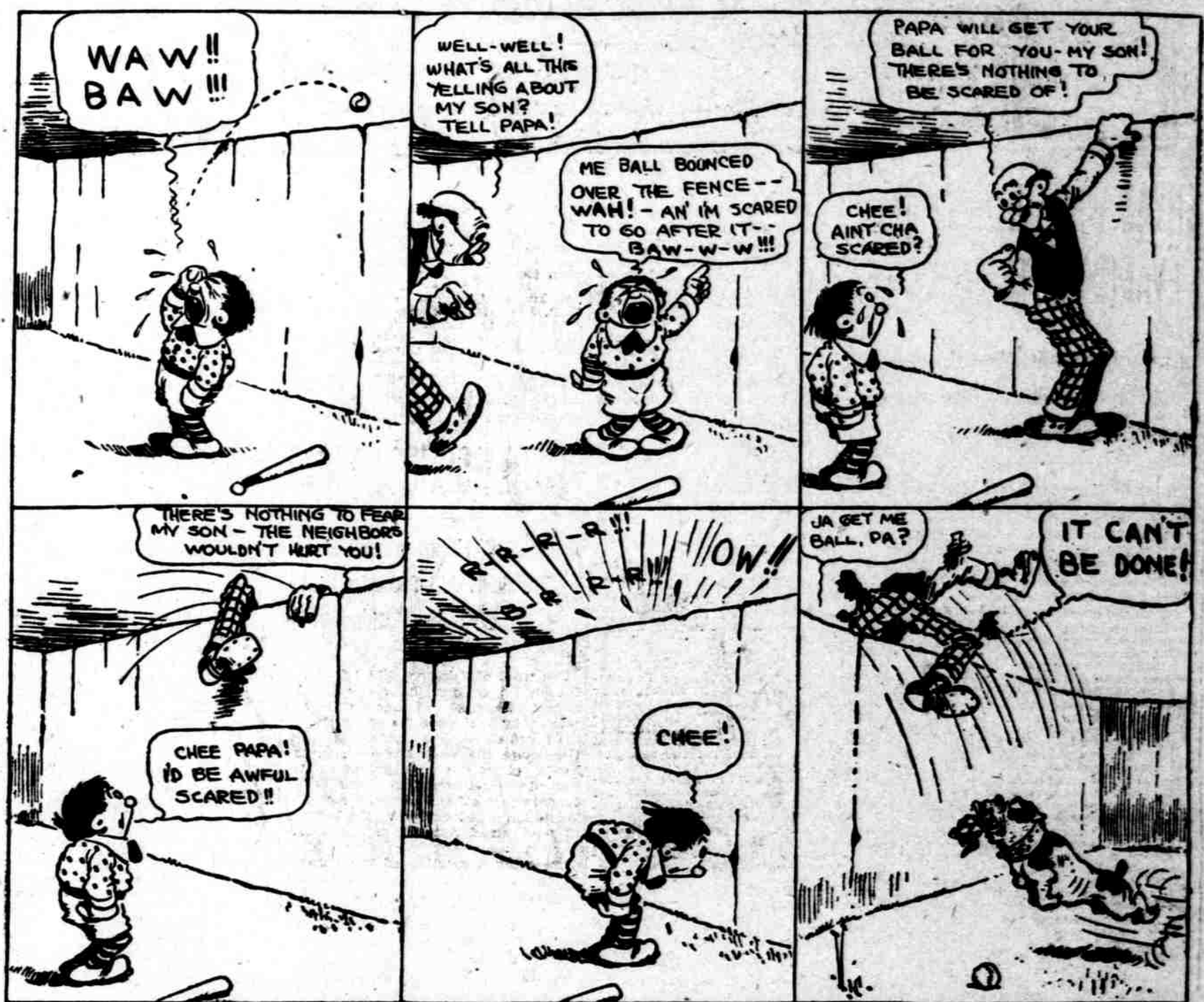
Washington is a model!

Any mention of tag day, of course, should be made here in the posterior section of the column.

This being the tag end.

A. & K.

IT CAN'T BE DONE! By VIC



Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

MAN'S PERVERSITY.

WHO is the girl for whom a man would do, and die, and dare?
Who is the girl who holds his heart forever in her snare—
To whom he's constant as the stars? THE GIRL WHO DOESN'T CARE!

Who is the girl that haunts his soul with visionings of bliss?
Who is the girl whose luring face he never can dismiss?
Who is the girl he dreams about? THE GIRL HE COULDN'T KISS!

Who is the rare and perfect girl he never can forget?
Who is the only flawless girl he's ever known or met?
Who is his "IDEAL GIRL?" Alas! THE GIRL HE DIDN'T GET!

This is the time of the year when the average man is so apt to mistake the love of conquest for love of a woman.

You can sometimes manage to keep your husband's material self in the house evenings, but it's not much satisfaction if his spiritual ego keeps wandering off to the corner cafe every few minutes.

The man who makes love to all women is a varietist; the man who makes love to several women at the same time is a fatalist; the man who makes love to two women at the same time is an optimist; but the man who makes love to only one woman at a time is an artist.

Some men are born good, some achieve good, and some are caught with the goods on them.

After marriage the love-microbe is so often either scorched out by hot words or frozen out by cold kisses.

Lots of women who ask for a divorce for "desertion" really want it for diversion.

To wed or not to wed, that is the question. Whether 'tis better, after all, to marry And be cajoled and bullied by a husband, Or to take up stenography or clerking, And slave, alas! for SOME ONE ELSE'S husband?

To love—to wed—and by a wedding end The struggles and the thousand petty cares That "slaves" are heir to—'tis a rare vocation Devoutly to be wished for! To love—to wed— To wed—perchance DIVORCE? Aye, there's the rub!

For in that dream of bliss what joys may come When we have cast aside our little jobs, Must make us wary. There's the sorry thought That makes so many spinsters hesitate; For who would bear the long, eternal grind, Th' employer's jokes, the chief clerk's contumely, The insolence of office boys, the smoke Of last week's stogies clinging to the hair, When she herself might quickly end it all By GETTING MARRIED? Who would not exchange A dingy office for a kitchenette— A keyboard for a cook stove or a cradle— But that the dread of something worse to come After the honeymoon—that life of CHANCE From whose dark bourn so many have returned By way of Reno—fills us with dismay, And makes us rather bear the jobs we have Than fly to evils that we know not of? Thus cowardice makes spinsters of—so many!

The Real "Lonesomehurst" Is in the Big City's Heart

By Clarence L. Cullen.

THE real "Lonesomehurst" is the big city. The humorists would have us believe that it is where the commuter lives. But it isn't. The commuter has neighbors. They are wholesome neighbors that can be relied upon—else they wouldn't be commuters.

Of a mild spring evening the commuter has only to lounge in his front yard, smoking his pipe, for about two minutes, before some clear-eyed, decent chap—his neighbor from over the way or down the street—strolls along and asks him how the funny old seeds are making out. Then the two lean against the fence, talking radishes and roses, and from that get to creating policies for nations.

The commuter's wife has a lot of cheerful houses to "run into" when she feels like it, and when she doesn't feel like it there is no dearth of wholesome women neighbors to drop in on her.

But if you stand at the entrance of your big city apartment, smoking a perfectly good cigar and waiting for somebody to stroll along with whom you might have a little human-being conversation about nothing in particular, what happens?

Why, the saddle-covered elevator boy from St. Kitts gazes at you out of glittering auspicious eyes, and after a while the janitor from Upsalla in Sweden comes along and asks you if you have lost anything, and then intimates that you are muddying up the vestibule.

And your fellow-tenants, coming and going, glare at you as if they felt dead sure that you were waiting for a chance to rob the vestibule letter boxes. Then you sink back up to your apartment, feeling sort of hangdog, and your lonesomeness hasn't been ameliorated a cent's worth.

There are tens of thousands of mighty nice, agreeable people in this town, living in apartments, whose gre-

Getting His Goat.

A WELL-KNOWN local piano salesman, who would risk his life for a woman in distress, had an opportunity of proving his heroism one afternoon recently.

He was passing up Himrod avenue when he happened to observe a fair creature who was frightened by a fierce goat in a lot near the street.

Hastening to the rescue, the piano salesman grabbed the goat by the horns. Up and down, back and forth, he wrestled with the animal, until the two were tussling in the middle of the street-car tracks.

When the first car came along the motorman put on the brakes, and the conductor came running to see what was wrong.

"Here's here," he cried. "You can't get that thing on the car!"

"I don't want to get it on, doggone it," cried the hero. "I want to get it off."—Youngstown Telegram.

Thoughtful.

A YOUNG mill hand, having lost his sweetheart through his own hot-headed folly, first threatened to commit suicide, and then became vulgarly insistent in his demands for the return of the presents he had given her, says the Manchester Guardian.

"What good will they be to you if you're goin' to drown yourself in t' mill pond?" she scoffed.

"Never you mind. I want them back," he said, evasively.

"Very well, I'll see that you have them," the girl reluctantly agreed.

But five days passed, and the young man still demanded the loss of the forfeited trinkets. Once more he requested their return.

"Oh, lad, I wish you'd stop worryin' me," sighed the girl, anxious by now for reconciliation. "I've given 'em."

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Here's a Book

THE STOCK EXCHANGE "FROM WITHIN." W. C. VAN ANTWERP, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York.

Written by a member of the "change," with the assumption that one should not condemn that which cannot be comprehended, this very interesting and enlightening story of the meaning and origin of the stock exchange comes as a sort of challenge to the many critics of that organization.

With a view toward widening the scope of the reader, chapters on the London Stock Exchange and the Paris Bourse are given, comparison being made between the London Exchange and its New York prototype. Another, concerning panics in general and the crisis of 1907, is of great value to the student of finance.

The slowness of the exchange in making those changes which seem imperative is due not to their unwillingness, but to the gravity of the situation with which they must cope without the possibility of a failure. The report of the Hughes commission of 1906 on speculation in securities and commodities constitutes the appendix, while the index following makes the work of practical value to the student.

What's on the Program in Washington Today

Meeting of Government Printing Office Council, National Union, Typographical Union, business and smoker, to-night.

Amusements.

National—"The Girl from Montmartre," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Columbia—"The Woman," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Belasco—"The Sun Dodgers," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Polka—"The Girl of the Golden West," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Chase—"Polite vaudeville," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Academy—"Snob," 8:15 p. m.

Cosmos—Vaudeville.

Casino—Vaudeville.

Lycium—Miner's American, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Gaiety—Knickerbocker Burlesque, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.